

The Scent of the Linden Flowers

Memories, sketches, verses

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“The cherry from Focsani”

In a hot Bucharest's summer, when the shingles of the roofs and the asphalt of the sidewalks burned like a well-heated oven. I went with my father to Focsani. Grandma Deborah met us on the porch of the house, laid a blanket for us in the shade of the trees and brought a pot full of red cherries, freshly picked from the orchard. My father, preoccupied with solving a puzzle and my sister, a little girl with a freckled face framed by a red tuft, mesmerized by the frogs hopping around the fountain, I take the opportunity to pick all the cherries, leaving only the pits and tails.

The "incident" is quickly forgotten, the aroma of warm bread, brought in a straw basket by a bakery boy, brings the whole family together around the table. The grandmother died a long time ago, but according to my father, the cherry tree in Focsani still bears fruit.

“Nike of Samothrace”

Adolescence, holy memory.

An image imprinted deep in the memory rises slowly and painfully to the surface, Victoria (Nike) of Samothrace - the symbol of my adolescence.

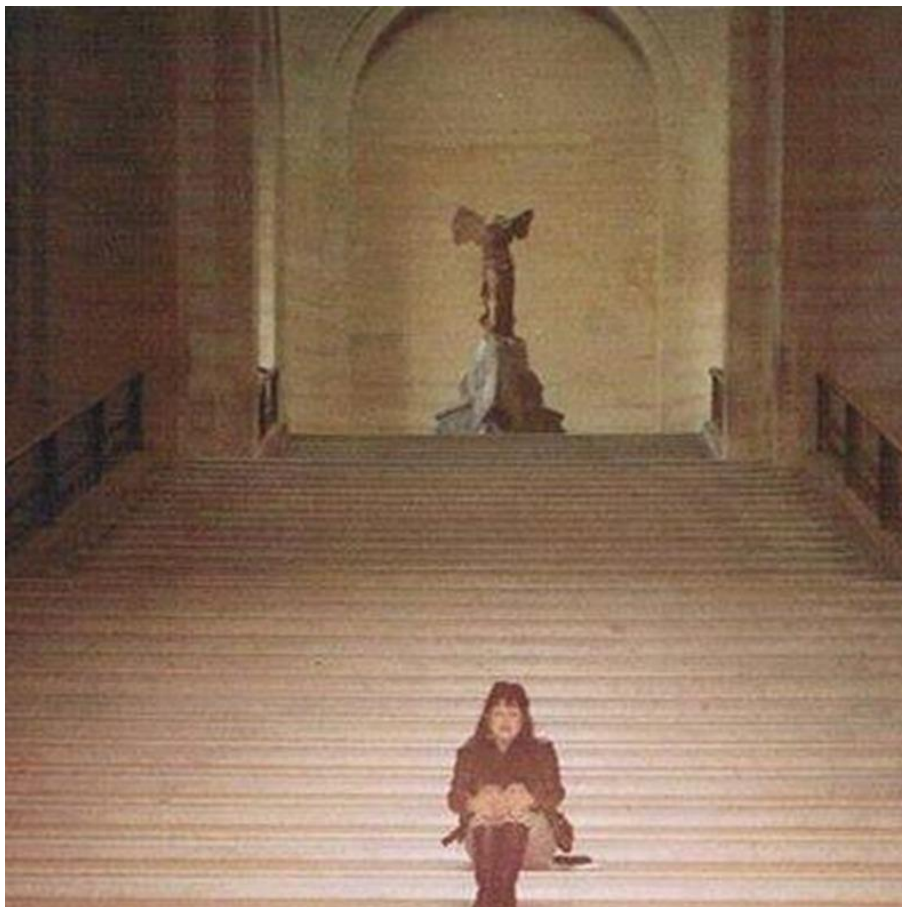
Fulfilling the millennial dream of those who polished its perfect forms, the imposing vestal winged statue of victory from the island of Samothrace, which was brought from the shores of the Aegean Sea, was enclosed in the "temple" of the Louvre Museum.

A fierce desire to see her, to touch her, presses me and becomes obsessive.

In the small Fiat car, rented at the Charles de Gaulle Airport, I ruled Paris and head to the Louvre Museum. I walked along the Champs-Elysses boulevard, which the Place de la Concorde transforms into a central ellipse of geometric perfection with the Obelisk, the Opera, the Eiffel Tower. I can hardly distinguish, on the right bank of the Seine, the buildings of the Louvre Museum guarded by the Tuileries gardens.

I descend with chills on the escalator of the modern glass pyramid. With the guide in hand, I head towards the majestic hall where, at the end of the marble stairs, stands guard Victoria of Samothrace.

I shyly approach and caress the cold marble, but still so alive, with perfect forms, which after so much bitter time are still torn by the paradox between fixity and the fierce desire to rise.



“To Be a New Immigrant in Israel”

In spite of the fact that I took some Hebrew language lessons for beginners at the Choral Temple in Bucharest, when I emigrated to Israel, I retained only three words in Hebrew: Shabbat Shalom, basar (meat), and batzal (onion). I was firmly convinced that basar is onion and batzal is meat. For four months, I took Hebrew courses at Ulpan, and I started working. I appeared for the entrance exam at Tel Aviv University, a three-hour exam held in Hebrew. I was looking at the brochure, flipping through the pages in all directions but nothing was familiar to me...and it was like that for an hour. I asked for permission to leave the amphitheater... I wanted to go home... but ... I said NO, I have to take this exam... I returned to the exam room, relaxed, I read and marked all the correct answers. I was admitted.

“Symbiotic Relationship”

My artwork "Symbiotic Relationship: Lemon tree and Cactus under Vanilla. Fragrance", oil on canvas, 100/80cm.

My source of inspiration was a real moment, a visual and sensory image captured on a night in the kibbutz, a huge Queen of the Night cactus flower (night-blooming cereus) in bloom that supported its branches from a small lemon tree.

Night Blooming Cereus Queen of the Night

One of the strangest plants of the desert, the night-blooming cereus, is a member of the cactus family that resembles nothing more than a dead bush most of the year. It is rarely seen in the wild because of its inconspicuousness. But for one midsummer's night each year, its exquisitely scented flower opens as night falls, then closes forever with the first rays of the morning sun.

Flower: very fragrant trumpet-shaped flowers bloom for only one night in June or July and are up to 4 inches wide and as much as 8 inches long. The waxy, creamy-white, many-petaled flowers are followed by a red-orange, short-spined elliptical fruit about three inches long.

The night-blooming cereus has a tuberous, turnip-like root usually weighing 5 to 15 pounds (but in some specimens weighing over 100 pounds), which
Once in a Bloom Fragrances has captured the essence of the elusive Queen of the Night cactus flower (night-blooming cereus) to create the inspired Desert Queen Fragrance. Few have ever seen this flower let alone experienced its intoxicating scent, until now!



“A Surprise at Clark University”

I got my master's degree at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, near Boston. In June 2000, 450 Israeli students flew to Boston. After 20 hours (10 hours in the airport, 4 hours customs, 2 hours organization and transport by buses, 4 hours organization and speeches) the dean of the university announces that they have prepared a surprise for us from the traditional Israeli cuisine and they start giving us each half a dry pita filled with grated fresh carrots.

Tired and hungry, we made every effort (at least out of politeness) to eat the "surprise" but we didn't succeed.

I am attaching a photo for those who don't know what it looks like or has never eaten a portion of falafel in a pita.

My Faithful Dog Mali

On social networks you can find advice such as: "How to help your dog not be afraid of the vet?" But "How to help your vet not be afraid of your dog?" I have not found. I informed the veterinarian that Mali (Belgian Shepherd - Malinois) must receive a vaccine or medicine, he was preparing everything: scales, syringe, ampoule, tablets, etc. and quickly locked himself in one of the rooms of the dispensary. Mali had blind trust in me, I was the only person she allowed to vaccinate her, give her medicine, cut her nails with special pliers, clean her ears or remove a stuck thorn under local anesthesia in the eyes.



VICTORIA SARA DAZIN

Belgian malinois
shepherd

OUR FAITHFUL
DOG MALI

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Nothing compares to the memories and what they awaken every time in my soul, memories that seemed to be closed somewhere...behind. I realize that the scent of the linden flowers from my childhood and adolescence remains strongly imprinted and even after 40 years they are still as alive...



Corner of my Soul

"I let myself be seen"

In its orbital motion, Sirius
chasing cloud trojans,
my being collapses
making me vulnerable.

"Tears of Ice"

Appearance it looks like ice to me
but a warm soul gave me, I wait
let's go home.

"In the palm of your hand"

And in the palm of your hand
you support me
bleeding heart.

"Lost Soul"

The soul wanders in the abyss
stop at your place
hold me tight.

"A Ray of Light"

Just a ray of light
separate between us
we are lost in nothingness.

"Attraction"

Like sunflowers
in its circadian cycle
I raise my eyes ...to you.

"Haiku poem"

(1644-1694) by Matsuo Basho

In the cry of the cicada
No sign can predict
How soon he must die.

"Linden flowers"

" Falling asleep to harmony
To the demented woodsman
Linden flowers above us
They will fall in rows." (M. Eminescu)

At Duty

Made with care,
Patchwork,
top hat and scarf
I appeared as a fugitive in the mirror

Suddenly I see
how they all swarm around
and they are still preparing
I think to myself.

They all go out, big and small,
turning straight to the field.
And there they stop
What will this be I think?

Two of them stick together,
another grabs a strand,
I dig deep into the glia.
And suddenly they all disappear.

I don't make up my mind.
Unintelligible syllables utter.
When a crow stops
and whispers in my ear:

Hey, lumpy cylinder
and from patchwork
let's have forgiveness

dear sir!

You guard pumpkins here,
you are not fooling me,
I am the mother of crows
and the fear of scarecrows!



Quotes

"Time is the school in which we learn,
Time is the fire in which we burn." Delmore Schwartz

"Man needs a dream to bear reality" Sigmund Freud

"We are like butterflies who flutter for a day and think it's forever."
Carl Sagan